But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin Palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death,
If this thou doe denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others heart.

Kin. If this, or more then this I would denie.
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eye,
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Roſe. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue moneth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.

Du. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a twelue moneth and a day,
Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.

Dum. Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet ſweare not leaſt ye be forſworne agen.

Lon. What ſaies *Maria?*

Mari. At the twelue moneths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.

Ber. Studies my Lady? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwere there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue

Roſ. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I ſaw you, and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of compariſons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit,
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull brain
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this twelmoneth terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe
With groaning wretches: and your taske ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of d
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agony.

Roſ. Why that's the way to choake a gibing ſpir
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A ieſts proſperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones
Will heare your idle ſcornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A twelue moneth? Well: befall what will
Ile ieſt a twelue moneth in an Hoſpitall.

Qu. Iſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your

Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies curteſie
Might well haue made our ſport a Comedie.

Kin. Come ſir it wants a twelue moneth and a
And then 'twill end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.